Vol. CXXXIV. No. 1740.

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THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 21, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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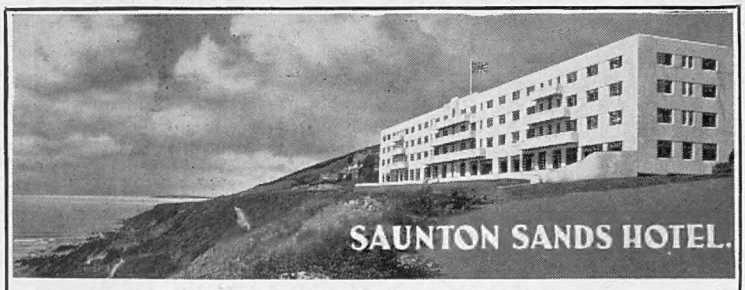

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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The Bystander

Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Bridget Parsons—Irish Beauty

Lady Bridget Parsons is the only sister of Lord Rosse, and a year younger than he is. To call her a beauty is not a conventional exaggeration: her features, colouring and carriage all justify the term. She is like both her brothers, artistic and extremely musical. Her father, the fifth Earl, died of wounds in 1918; her mother is now Lady de Vesci, and lives at Abbey Leix in Ireland. Her brother, Lord Rosse, married Oliver Messel's sister (she was Mrs. Armstrong-Jones) in 1935, and they have a son who was born last autumn. They live mostly at Birr Castle, King's County, but also have a house in Yorkshire and one in London. Lady Bridget Parson's younger brother is the Hon. Desmond Parsons

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Labour Opposition moved a Bill of Censure of the Government on its policy outside the port of Bilbao. It was known by everyone that H.M.S. Hood had been ordered to proceed from Gibraltar to Basque waters, in order to protect British shipping on the high seas. The Labour Party's point was that this protection did not extend into the three-mile limit off the coast of Spain. In other words, they maintained that British shipping could no longer rely everywhere upon the protection of the British Navy. The question was much complicated by the intricacies of International law, and also by the determination of the Government not to become involved in incidents with the Naval forces of General Franco.

The position during the debate in the House became oddly twisted. On the one side the Pacifists and Socialists were demanding strong action, and were taking the line that the British flag was being insulted. On the other side the Conservatives, who might have been expected to take a jingo attitude, were almost defending the rights of the unrecognised General to attack British shipping at sea. The vote of censure was, of course, rejected. Sir John Simon led for the Government with all his legal subtlety.

THE position at Bilbao is complicated also by the rumours that both sides are laying mines, not only within the three-mile limit, but also on the high seas themselves. These rumours have not been verified, but if a British merchant ship hits a mine, it will certainly strengthen the Labour Party's case that something stronger than mere protests should be sent to defend our trade and our sailors.

THE scene in the House during the debate was, in the opinion of old-timers, reminiscent of the exciting days of the pre-War Irish debates. Feeling ran high. The House was crowded for hours. The speeches were brilliant. And there was an incessant growl of approval or disapproval as the speakers scored their points. Mr. Churchill was in especially good form, and Mr. Lloyd George was obviously delighted with the classic phrases and rhetoric of the Member for Epping.

BY the time these notes appear in print the secret of the Budget will be out, and we will know the worst for the ensuing year. After the unfortunate episode in connection with a Budget not so long ago, stockbrokers, and insurance men, and financiers in general, have been desperately shunning the society of Cabinet Ministers. Nobody wants to take what might be called a "Budget risk" again.

THE habits of Ministers are sometimes difficult to follow. Sir Thomas Inskip has his hands full, one would have thought, with the co-ordination of the defence forces and the re-armament campaign. Yet he manages to find time to attend the annual beano of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution and advocate the removal of the railings which enclose the squares in the West End of London. It is difficult to see the connection between his job and the railings unless it is that the shortage of steel and scrap iron is even greater than anyone supposed. It may be that Sir Thomas wants the railings to make into battleships. And if that is the case, it would be characteristic of the tortuous workings of a Minister's mind that he should have disguised himself as a benevolent gardener in order to do so.

Prince and Princess Chichibu

One of the first things they saw as the Queen Mary neared Southampton was the "Divine Wind" dipping in salute, before Lord Loch went on board to greet them on behalf of the king. Prince Chichibu, who is to represent his brother, the Emperor of Japan, at the coronation, hopes also to show the Princess his favourite parts of Britain and get some tennis and squash

Romney Brent and Gina Malo Get Married

They were both born in America, Romney Brent in Mexico, Gina Malo in Ohio; he is a playwright as well as actor, wrote "The Mad Hopes," was last seen on the stage here in "Three Men on a Horse," and has since been in films with Arliss and Bergner. Gina Malo was in the first version of "On Your Toes" and her new film, "The Gang Show," started at the Lyceum on the day of the wedding

MR. MAXTON, that incomparable artist and comedian, made a nasty crack the other day in the House of Commons on the subject of Cabinet Ministers' salaries. He was attacking the whole principle of ministerial salaries, and he suddenly turned aside to demand if anyone had ever enjoyed ministerial hospitality. During the eighteen years that he had been a Member, he alleged that only once had he been invited to a party by a Cabinet Minister, and that was only to stand in the window of an office in Whitehall and look at the Trooping of the Colour. And even then, he added, amid the loudest burst of laughter which has rocked the House for a long time, the box of cigarettes which was handed round had been pinched from a public banquet by the Secretary of State for Scotland.

THE proposal to raise the salaries of Members of Parliament from £400 a year to £500 seems to have everything in its favour. The salaries were fixed in the pre-War days of prices and values; constituencies were smaller; postage

(Concluded on page 92)

Norman Parkinson

George Sheringham — Paris Exhibition Artist

Here he is at work on a small scale edition of the Cotswold scene which is to appear, 12 ft. by 8, as a backscreen to Gordon Russell's furniture room in the British Pavilion. Similar work has figured a lot in George Sheringham's variegated activities, for he has decorated many plays, including *Twelfth Night* at Stratford, many interiors, including Claridge's Hotel, many books, including a charming edition of Beerbohm's *Happy Hypocrite*. After leaving the Slade he first exhibited in the Paris Salon, and has since held one-man shows there and in Melbourne and New York. The ninth of his London exhibitions is on now at the Fine Art Society. He was amongst the ten artists to be made D.I. (Designer for Industry) last autumn, lives in Hampstead and has a cottage in Oxfordshire, is married, with no children

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 90)*

was a penny ; expenses were not so high. It is true that Members now get free travel to and from their constituencies, but even so £400 (and income-tax comes off that) does not leave much of a margin. Some of the Members who have no private income cannot afford to eat their meals within the precincts of the House. It would be much fairer to treat these "salaries" as if they were allowances for expenses.

ALL kinds of rumours are circulating about the alleged split in the ranks of the British Fascists. It has been said that high officials have been resigning and forming a new party, and this has also been hotly denied. The interesting thing about the B.F.s (or, as I believe they prefer to be called, the B.U.F.s) is not so much what they are doing in their own ranks, as what has happened to them in the country. They don't seem to have figured in the public eye for a long time. I wonder where they have got to.

Another movement which has not appeared lately in the limelight is the Peace Pledge Union. But I hear that although it has not been getting much publicity lately it has been getting an enormous increase of membership. In fact, I have heard it suggested that if the growth of the Peace Pledge Union was appreciated in such places where Major-Generals meet together for the purpose of sitting in arm-chairs, there would be a notable rise in the mortality statistics which are caused by apoplexy.

I WENT to hear Kreisler at the Albert Hall the other day, and I do not propose to waste any superlatives upon his playing. But I thought it was a rotten programme. Out of four only one was a major piece. One Bach, which was superb, and then a Schumann, a Paganini, and a piece by Viotti, who, I fancy, means about as much to you now as he did to me last Sunday. And no encores. We stood and shouted for a long time, but the maestro's heart was as hard as his fingers had been soft.

THERE was something rather pathetic about last week's Hatters' Banquet and Ball. Heaven knows that men's hats are the stupidest things that were ever perched upon the top of the head. But there seems to be no way to alter the fashion. Mr. Eden invented the vogue of the heavy, black, felt hat, to be worn in all seasons, and not even the late king could popularise the gay, light straw. So we are doomed to another perspiring summer, and the Hatters' Banquet is pathetic because the sane hatters are catering for mad hat-wearers.

MRS. STACKPOOL O'DELL, the phrenologist, of Ludgate Circus, has just given her millionth consultation. She has also given her views on life to the Press. "I have never come across two minds alike, or even two heads exactly alike." It would be the sensation of the world if she had. "Women's reasoning faculties are more pronounced than they used to be," is another of her conclusions. Another is that the backs of men's heads are becoming fuller and more rounded. But what Mrs. O'Dell does not, alas ! tell us, is what the backs of men's heads are becoming fuller of.

THE Soccer season is nearly over now and it looks as if Manchester City is going to win the Championship. It is an odd thing that this famous club has never yet won it, in spite of its long and brilliant record. Since the War it has been captained by two of the finest half-backs who have ever played Soccer, James McMullen, the captain of Scotland, and the celebrated amateur, Max Woosnam, who captained England. By an odd and unfortunate coincidence, Manchester's other club, the equally famous United, is at the bottom of the table.

AN odd situation has arisen in the professional boxing world. Twenty or ten years ago no American champion would have dreamt of coming over here for the purses which could have been offered him. Dempsey and Tunney never looked for an instant to London. In fact, I doubt if a heavy-weight world-title fight has taken place in the home of modern boxing—which is, after all, what England is—for thirty years. Now the Americans are tumbling over here to box. The Baers, Levinsky, Montana, John Henry Lewis, are only five of a ring-full of American pugs who want to have a look at London and its potential purses.

EVERY sympathy will be extended to the lady who got so bored with the lobbing match at lawn tennis in a recent competition that she retired rather than continue any longer. Such players as Tilden, Perry, Lenglen, Wills-Moody, and Vines saved the game from the rather ignoble but expressive title of "patters." But it is easy enough to let it sink again to that status, and nothing is drearier to watch than a long base-line duel between two players who will not take a single risk. It is only a few experts of genius, of hand, foot, and eye, who have made lawn-tennis into a game. It never was a game by itself.

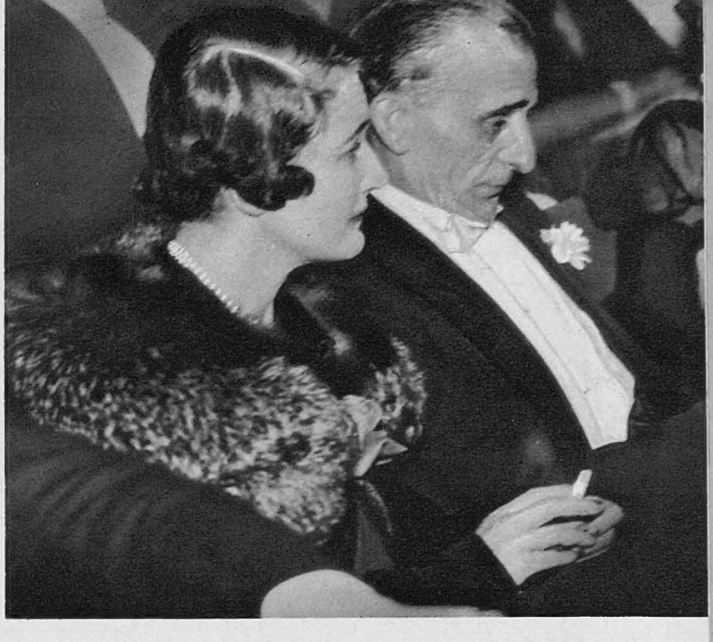
Richard Wyndham — Artist

Captain Richard Wyndham has an exhibition at the Tooth Gallery at the moment of "The Gentle Savage" and other new paintings, one of which stands on the easel beside him

Cathleen Mann and Anton Dolin

Cathleen Mann is also giving an exhibition this month ; it opens on the 28th at the Leicester Galleries. Her portrait of Anton Dolin, which she has just finished, will be shown there. She and her husband, Lord Queensberry, watched the Farr-Baer fight from ringside seats last week

Where's the Duke of Rutland? He's Under the Coat



Here He Is, Caught Unawares, With the Duchess

The Curzon audience, including the Duchess of Rutland, couldn't help smiling when the Duke modestly eclipsed himself under his coat when he saw the camera coming

Curzon Premiere

"Pépé le Moko" Was First Shown In Aid of the Feathers Clubs for Children

The Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward organised the premiere of the new Curzon film in aid of the Feathers Clubs for Children which she inaugurated and for which she works extremely hard. The evening was a brilliant success—every seat sold

Photographs by Swaebe

Viscount and Viscountess Moore

Dudley Ward Backs

Mrs. Robert Laycock and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward were at the premiere which their mother organised

First arrival at the premiere—the Curzon kitten wore a nicely tied evening bow

Mlle. Mireille Balin flew from Paris for the premiere; she plays lead in the film. She's with the Marquis de Casa Maury who runs the Curzon

Right: the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead went together

Below: Lady Elizabeth Paget watched with Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill

Captain Leese and Miss R. B. Dugdale

Captain Peter Albert Leese, Coldstream Guards R.O., married Rosamund Betty Dugdale at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks; he is the second son of Sir William Hargreaves Leese and Violet Lady Leese, and she is Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Dugdale's younger daughter

Mr. Radcliffe and Miss Marie Pereira

Hugh John Radcliffe, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Everard Radcliffe, of St. Trinian's Hall, Richmond, Yorks., married Marie Thérèse Pereira at Brompton Oratory. She is Major-Gen. Sir Cecil and Lady Pereira's youngest daughter

Engaged

Mr. Victor Seely and Miss gagement recently, and are late Sir Charles Seely and of Lord Mottistone; Miss and Mrs. W. R. Collins,

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

OUTLINED against the Mediterranean painted walls of the Bon Viveur one night during last week-end, we saw Lady Charles Cavendish's piquant little head. She had torn herself away from her beloved Lismore to spend a day or two with the Gilbert Millers at the charming Garden House, Hill Street, and went on to visit her mother-in-law at Eastbourne.

She was looking as gay and vivacious as ever that night at the Bon Viveur, and is, I've decided, almost the only person who can wear a little bow in her hair. The Hon. Ben Bathurst and his wife were also dining in this most successful of all small clubs that night.

New Method of Hairdressing

IN the midst of many engagements, the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham Reid had to go into Lady Carnarvon's Home suddenly last week, owing to a recurrence of very painful eye trouble that she had some years ago. She was at Ciro's the night before, and even an eye patch could not detract from her good looks. She was in a party that included Lady O'Neill—with an orchid in her hair—the young Paravacinis and the Hon. Anthony Winn.

Ciro's was packed that night, and having no late night makes not the slightest difference to this popular rendezvous.

Lady Marguerite Strickland was exploiting a new, to us, method of hairdressing that night, the front hair being worn in a heavy "bang" or roll over her forehead. We liked her pleated dress of bright blue chiffon.

Lady Milbanke, looking lovelier than ever since her return from America, wore a gaily patterned imprimé, Miss Mala Brand and little Lady Pat Mackay were in a party with the latter's father, Lord Inchcape, and his blonde young wife.

All the Stars

IF some film fans and celebrity hunters had been let in to Mr. Arthur de Lissa's party last week they would have had the thrill of their lives. Mr. Douglas Byng, in costume, Mr. Edward Cooper, with piano, and Miss Viola Tree, just as she was, all did their inimitable turns, and Mr. Ivor Novello contributed a short gem of mimicry.

Miss Elizabeth Allen arrived with a little black veil flung over her head. It's an American fashion that has not really arrived here yet, but it's pretty. Isobel Jeans, Edna Best, Dorothy Dickson, Zena Dare, and Lilian Braithwaite, all the stars were there.

Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, in a lovely pale green dress of her own design, told some amusing stories with a great sense of humour. Her sister, Lady Furness's black pearls looked perfect on a white chiffon dress ornamented with rows of black lace.

Not Much Fun

WHEN we were asked "What is your greatest everyday inconvenience" we knew at once that it is those awful taxi windows that won't shut or open. In order to move them either up or down, you have to cast everything on to the seat and assume a humble kneeling position on the floor facing the window (not much fun on prickly matting in your finest stockings!). After straining every muscle and breaking most of your finger nails, you may or may not succeed in either letting in a little air or shutting out a blizzard. The hurdy-gurdy windows that one winds up and down are certainly a heaven-sent blessing.

A Room With a View

PRUNIERS enjoys the rare distinction of being one of the restaurants on the route of the Coronation procession. Although the front windows must be boarded up about half-way to prevent the crowd surging through the glass, patrons will have a marvellous view in addition to both breakfast and lunch at a modest inclusive charge.

Mr. Eddie Tatham, whom we found dining there the other evening, is also fortunate in having an office possessing a room with a view, and the firm of wine merchants of which he is a partner are hospitably entertaining their friends instead of making a packet out of the procession. Mr. and Mrs. Laddie Sanford and Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith and his sister, Mrs. Tennant, are among those who are invited on that all-important day.

An April Medium

THAT old adage, "ne'er cast a clout till May is out," makes lots of sense after all. We met Lady Eleanor Smith in St. James's Street the other day, shivering in a short-sleeved dress and a brief cape of silver fox. Having taken a dislike to her fur coat on one of the few warm days we have had, she threw it aside and feels she cannot at any cost go back to it.

At luncheon at the Ritz you see new Spring suitings sitting cheek by jowl with mantles of mink and voluminous cloaks of silver fox. A happy medium for April showers was the three-quarter-length belted coat of white broadtail worn by Mademoiselle Mireille Balin, the lovely star of *Pépé le Moko* at the Curzon.

A Star-Gazing Position

EVER since the Curzon Cinema opened three years ago, the Marquis de Casa Maury, presiding genius, has scoured Europe for films that are "different" from other West End productions.

Many notable pictures have been shown there, our favourite of all, perhaps, up to now, being *Mayerling*.

This time, in *Pépé le Moko*, the management have a certain winner.

At the opening premiere last Wednesday night (in aid of the Feathers Club) there

Couple

Mary Collins announced their en- being married in June. He is the Lady Seely's second son and a nephew Collins is the elder daughter of Mr. of 31, Lennox Gardens, S.W.

Mr. Rankin and Miss Olivia Stanley

At Cirencester Parish Church John Galloway Rankin, only son of the late Edwyn Rankin and Mrs. Rankin, of Stone Walls, Cirencester, married Olivia Mary Stanley, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. William Stanley and Lady Alexandra Stanley's elder daughter, and a niece of both Lord Derby and Lord Gosford

Mr. Hippisley and Miss L. Hamilton

Christopher Hippisley, Lieut.-Col. Hippisley and Mrs. Horace Kirby's son, and Lindisfarne Hamilton, Sir George and Lady Hamilton's daughter, had a St. Margaret's wedding. They are both on the stage (he as "Christopher Quest"), and Mr. Gardiner Davies, manager of the Richmond Theatre, has offered them leading parts in any play they like, as a wedding present

was such a galaxy of smartness and notabilities in such crowds that the camera-men and the poor columnists did not know which way to look.

One family group that caught our eye consisted of Mrs. Dudley Ward's two lovely daughters, Penelope, film star and serious actress, and Mrs. Bob Laycock. Also her sisters, Mrs. Seely and Mrs. Blew-Jones. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, so seldom seen about, returning now and then from some distant country, looked sunburnt and more attractive than ever, and was with her brother-in-law, Lord Brownlow and Lady Brecknock, whose black paillette dress glittered in the darkness.

Some idea of the packed state of the house may be gathered from the fact that Lord Cromer (the Lord Chamberlain) was in a star-gazing position in the very front row.

Sherry-Party for a Premiere

Lady Winchilsea was one of the organisers, with Mr. Leslie Banks and Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston, of a sherry-party to discuss to-night's premiere of "Our Fighting Navy," in aid of St. George's Hospital. She is with Signor Dino Borgioli, who is over here again to sing in the Coronation season of opera at Covent Garden

"Query" Did Her Bit

One cannot help admiring the goodness of the so-called public in the cause of charity. At Lady Harcourt's fork luncheon last Thursday in aid of a new operating theatre for the Mount Vernon Hospital for Cancer, she told us that five people had subscribed £5000 alone.

The first showing of *Jump for Glory*, starring Douglas Fairbanks, which takes place at the London Pavilion on Monday, April 26th, is to be devoted entirely to this very good cause, and a stage presentation of fashions for the Coronation Year will be included in the programme. Even Lady Harcourt's Staffordshire bulldog, "Query," did her bit by jumping for glory (or greed) at the sight of the delicacies provided for this luncheon!

Well-dressed "Regulars"

Typically mild showery weather marked the last day's racing at Newbury.

White mackintoshes were in evidence, and we liked Mrs. Henry Garnett's, which looked like thick white linen.

Lady Chesham, in a short blue and white striped jacket over a dark blue dress, was, as usual, the best-dressed racing regular present. Two more, Mrs. Rupert Byass and her cousin by marriage, Bridget Smith-Dorrien, wore twin tailored overcoats of dark blue cloth, Lord and Lady Plunket were racing and staying with young Sir Joseph Tichborne and his wife. She is a lovely little brunette with a dazzling skin and enormous charm. The sight of Lady Plunket's grey seal coat with perky shoulders, over a suit of bright purple suède with cap and shoes to match, did much to compensate us for several racing blunders.

Archduke Bouquet-Seller

In spite of the Coronation excitement in London gay times on the Riviera are dying hard as superlative spring weather has encouraged stragglers to stay on.

Artist Mr. "Bill" Burton, of the celebrated villa above Mougins, gave an enormous two-day charity garden-party plus tea-fight last week, at which the Archduke Franz-Joseph showed real commercial talent for selling bouquets assisted by Baroness Kahler, Ivis Goulding (whose brother Eddie is busy directing *That Certain Woman* in Hollywood) and ex-deb Gillian Hansard.

Meanwhile "Elizabeth" served teas supported by all the younger Riviera set, "Elizabeth" being Countess Russell, one of whose charities for dogs benefited among other local causes.

Mountaineering for Flowers

Riviera-ites came from as far off as San Remo and San Raphael to "ooh" and "aah" over Bill's Japanese garden—a bed of white tulips edged with forget-me-nots was the pièce de résistance. Gazing longingly at this were Linley Messel, brother of Oliver, and his pretty wife who was by far the best-dressed woman. Though he has followed in his father's footsteps as a City man, Linley has romantic tastes—he collects wild flowers and is mountaineering for them behind Grasse—an original holiday.

The champion ghost story-teller of the Empire, Algernon Blackwood, who is interested in Yogi too, was there, also Mr. "Bengy" Guinness, father of Loel and Tanis, Lady Trent over from her own beautiful property, Mrs. "Edwina" Stuart-Wortley, decorative Kyra Hulton, Miss Diana Egerton and, larger than life in the drive, the Archduke's "new" car, a twelve-year-old Mercédès nearly as high as an elephant and twice as dignified. He is inordinately proud of his Easter purchase, and it certainly wears its years gaily.—MISS PEEPS

Norman Parkinson

Henson Among the Shirts

Leslie Henson has been head of the "No Shirts" in *Swing Along* for well over 250 performances, and if he now has this kind of a nightmare about shirts, it's no wonder. Judging by *Swing Along's* side-splitting success, he'll probably have reason for such dreams for months more. When the run is over, Firth Shephard (known as "Father of Four" from the quartet of theatrical successes he's responsible for at the moment) has plans for a new Gaiety show with much the same cast. They are a team who certainly shouldn't be parted from each other. When Leslie Henson isn't playing golf or making people laugh (on or off the stage), he digs and plants and prunes and waters; his house at St. John's Wood has a lovely garden, and Mr. Henson really knows something about what grows in it

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 16
Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett

SIR NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT is that unusual type—a Civil Servant with imagination and constructive ability. Round his personality he has created what is virtually a new department. Thanks to him, the Civil Services are now as well organised from the point of view of sport as the Army, Navy, and Air Force. Civil Servants, from postmen to Under-Secretaries of State, have facilities to play anything from table-tennis to Rugby football. Their Sports Council possesses sixteen different grounds in various parts of the country, together with a headquarters ground of thirty acres at Chiswick.

One of the founders of the National Playing Fields Association; Chairman of the Sports Committee of the National Association of Boys' Clubs; Vice-Chairman of the British Olympic Association; and member of the National Advisory Council on Physical Fitness, Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett is associated in some capacity or another with practically every amateur body of sport in the country. This probably explains his almost illegible handwriting—he has so many hundreds of letters and documents to sign every day. It certainly accounts for his being one of the most experienced public speakers in Great Britain. He has a minimum of five speeches to make every week of the year—and sometimes as many as five in one day. In the circumstances I might tell the secretaries who are responsible for any future functions which he is to attend that Sir Noel prefers boiled salmon or grilled sole or a dry sweetbread to any other dish; that he eats very little meat; and likes young champagnes and good cigars.

His chief qualities are a complete sincerity and an ability never to get bored. His duties have included a period of three years in charge of the Special Areas and a personally conducted tour with the then Prince of Wales in the North.

As you may imagine, he has no private life at all—except at the week-end, when he goes down to his cottage in Surrey where with his wife he shuns everybody and everything. In London he walks everywhere, and has thus maintained a great physical fitness. As an athlete, he never reached front rank, though he has played most games, and once represented the Worcester Gentlemen at cricket. Swimming has been perhaps his favourite pastime, and as a younger man he frequently swam from one pier to the other at Brighton—and that takes quite a lot of swimming.

He is known throughout all ranks of the Civil Service as "C.B.", and at the present time is working harder than ever—his latest scheme being the Festival of Youth to take place before the King and Queen at Wembley on July 3rd.

Son of a Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, disciplined from youth to maintain a keen interest in all sorts and conditions of people, married late in life to a charming wife who shares all his interests whole-heartedly, Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett has given more service to sport of all kinds in this country than anybody I know. Most people who are interested in helping other people confine their philanthropy to the sending of a cheque—that is the lazy way out. Far more arduous and far more generous really is the man who devotes his own time, attention, and personal assistance to good causes—always in an absolutely honorary and no doubt occasionally thankless capacity.

Charles Graves

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"London After Dark" (Apollo)

IT has often occurred to me that Miss Marion Lorne, in whom we all delight, would make an ideal subject for a comic strip in a daily newspaper. For, after all, she is now something more than an actress. She has become a character, like Punch or Pierrot or Minnie Mouse. So much so that one feels it is rather a farce to give her a new name, as Fancy Phipps, Poppy Faire, Panzy Forde, or (her latest) Ambrosia Seabrook, every time she appears in a new play.

All the plays she has appeared in during the past ten years might, indeed, be bound up in one big Hackett omnibus entitled *The Adventures of Marion Lorne*—omnibus being a peculiarly happy description at the moment, since it is catching an omnibus that we first see her in *London After Dark*, and standing in an omnibus that we see her next. This is excellently conceived, for Mr. Hackett knows that the more familiar and everyday situation, the more we shall enjoy Miss Lorne's tribulations. When, like us, she fumbles for money to pay the conductor, it is much funnier than when, unlike us, she gets mixed up with a corpse. Yet a corpse, it seems, there must be, in order to set the plot in motion—a corpse this time in one of those mewses that were so peaceful and exclusive before Mayfair rather injudiciously started showing the other half of the world how one-half carries on.

STARTING with this corpse, which is rather hastily identified, Mr. Hackett presents his policemen once again with the problem of a lot of smart people in evening dress whose exact passionate relationship to each other is as mysterious as it is intense. What they are all up to, Mr. Hackett leaves us to guess, but even if we are no good at this sort of game, we can always admire the bitter venom of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, the dark-horseyness of Mr. Leonard Upton, and the Claudio-like pusillanimity of Mr. Robert Andrews. But all this side of the piece I prefer to regard as mere dramatic relief from the comedy of Miss Lorne, who, you may have observed, can never resist the Force, and who this time falls for a policeman (Mr. Edwin Styles) of the public school brand.

THE tit-bit of the entertainment is, beyond question, the scene in the foyer of the Grand Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, for it is here that we see Miss Lorne not only as an usherette, but as an usherette in Chinese costume, and not only as an usherette in Chinese costume, but as an usherette in Chinese costume with an electric torch that won't work.

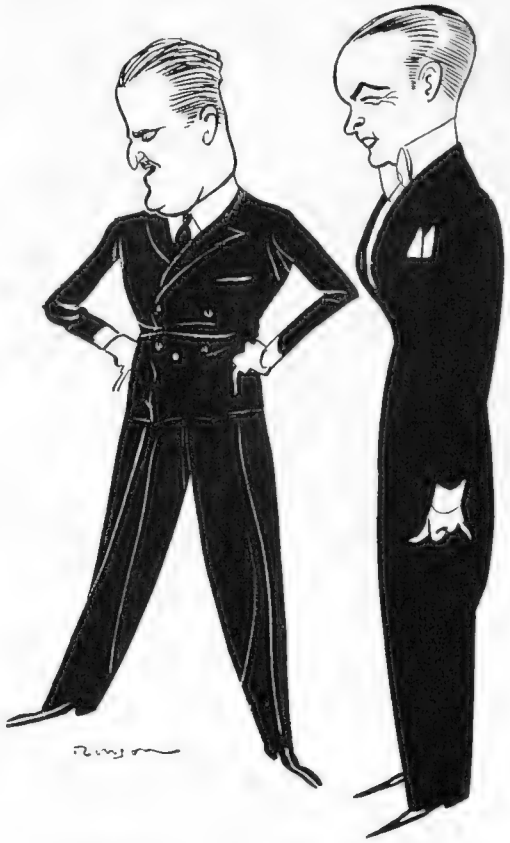
This puts her in one of the prettiest twitters she has been in for a long time. It lives in the memory with her music-hall acrobat's assistant handing the wrong things and with her lady journalist mixing up her notes, and leaves us eager to know what profession she will conquer—or, if not conquer, tackle—next.

ALTOGETHER, *London After Dark* is up to sample. The opening may be bald, the plot over-tangled, the ends here and there a little loose. But one leaves the Apollo firmly convinced that no leading lady ever had a better husband than Mr. Hackett—and no successful playwright *vice versa*.

Suspect (as usual): Marion Lorne

Sketches by Rouson

"Mama wants gun!" Cathleen Nesbitt manages Robert Andrews



Policemen: pre-Trenchard (Richard Gray) and post-Hendon (Edwin Styles)

Photographs by Anthony

"Hamlet Impetuous"

Donald Wolfit at Stratford-on-Avon

"Hamlet impetuous" was the *Times*' "up to a point" label (by contrast to other Hamlets sardonic, wistful, sunny and athletic) for Donald Wolfit's performance at Stratford. He first played the part there last year, and made a success of it; this year, he is still better, giving his interesting and individual interpretation of Shakespeare's most problematical character with greater confidence and conviction. Ophelia is again played by Valerie Tudor. Other parts so far played by Donald Wolfit this year are a very fine Kent in *King Lear*, Touchstone in *As You Like It*, Chorus in *King Henry the Fifth*, Ford in *The Merry Wives*

Baron

G. B. Stern Has Written a New Novel

G. B. Stern's romantically and attractively named new novel, *Oleander River*, was published a day or two ago—her twenty-fifth publication since 1923, not counting plays, articles, reviews, and short stories. But since she was eight years old she has been irrepressibly a writer—of plays and verse until at twenty she completed her first novel. Her later novels have included *The Room*, *Tents of Israel*, *Debonair*, *Little Red Horses*, *The Augs*; her produced plays are three—*The Matriarch*, *Debonair*, adapted for the stage with Frank Vosper, and *The Man Who Pays the Piper*. She spent two years at the Academy of Dramatic Art, has always been deeply interested in the theatre, and has done some film work in Hollywood. Gladys Bronwyn Stern, known to her friends as "Peter," is one of the "originals" of the literary world, with a personality as unusual as her appearance, and a wit and lively sympathy that charms a huge circle of friends and acquaintances. Noel Coward is one of her friends; he pays several tributes to her gifts as a listener in his *Present Indicative*, also admits having introduced to her her husband, Geoffrey Holdsworth, from whom she is now divorced. Miss Stern acknowledges "a profound interest in wine and collection of walking-sticks" as her recreations

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THERE is a certain amount of truth—as, by Gad! there ought to be—in the recent complaint of the Bishop of Chichester that week-enders from London are buying up too many Sussex cottages, and that the rural population suffers in consequence. On the other hand, the week-ender can't reasonably be blamed for taking over, say, a couple of tumble-down Tudor cottages and knocking them into one, spending two or three hundred or more in making them habitable. What would infallibly happen otherwise is that the local authority would destroy them and/or build hideously on the site. We know more than one village where this has happened. Few of the natives could restore derelict cottages of this type, even if they wanted to, the maximum Housing Act grant for such purposes being £100. Hence, as the week-ender only goes for Ye Olde—Tudor or Jacobean—and as a great deal of it is patently unfit for habitation, the native is generally only too glad to hop out into the new Council houses up the hill.

One important thing the Bishop omitted to consider, namely, that however much the natives of a given Sussex village hate each other, they hate the foreigner from London more, and get their own back either by slow rural devices, old as the soil, or by simply shooting at him with a rook-rifle. We've seen the look in their cunning eyes as the tweedy, rosy week-ender drives merrily past with *The Weekend Book* in his pocket and a carful of breezy, country-loving guests. The poor fool may just have spent five hundred on restoring his cottage. It has uneven rose-brick floors with arty mats, and is full of coloured witch-balls and glass candlesticks and imitation Chelsea ware, and the new bathroom is noisy—you know the kind. What he doesn't know is that every mumbling crone in the village has laid a frightful curse on him, and the natives, as they slouch by, make a sign at his cottage, causing roof-trouble and wall-trouble and floor-trouble and dry rot and plumbing-trouble and the Dear knows what. If these accumulating evils don't at length break the foreigner's heart and drive him away, the natives get rid of him by some other means, not hastily but leisurely, in the country fashion. And as a final resort, as we've said, they shoot him. Therefore, if there is any hardship inflicted on the native by the foreigner's settling in his midst, the native *always* gets his own back. What the native likes best, before killing him, incidentally, is the wealthy amateur bitten with a craze for farming. Gorm our slockens! that be justabout right, that be! ho, ho!

Woids

MR. WILLIAM J. FUNK, American lexicographer, has just listed the ten most overworked words in the United States, which are okay, terrific, lousy, contact, definitely, gal, racket, swell, impact, and honey. The only unfamiliar one is "impact," which Mr. Funk says is overworked by Communists and commentators. That "definitely" has rather amused Mr. Funk, too. It's being overworked apparently by Society in America because it's deemed to be exclusively an English Society word; "whereas," says Mr. Funk, chuckling unrestrainedly, "the fact is the English charwoman or dustman can hardly bear to leave 'definitely' out of a sentence"; which, of course, isn't the least bit true, but otherwise good. "Definitely" began in Mayfair and has since seeped down and spread throughout the suburbs and the provinces, but it isn't a working-class word, it's never got beyond the middle-classes. Dons and flappers use it most.

What is mildly amusing in Mr. Funk's list is his attribution of the over-use of "honey" to New York stockbrokers, which seems about right. "Honey" has two uses, actually—one for placating blondes, the other for descriptive purposes. *E.g.*, asked what some new stage show is like you reply, "It's a honey," meaning either that it's utterly swell or that it's utterly lousy. We don't know if London stockbrokers (almost equally blonde-addicts, incidentally) have any special word of their own. Off the Stock Exchange floor they're just big laughing boys, so it's quite likely they have some word in common. Last time we mixed to any extent with cricketers they had the word "topping," and though this was some years ago, they probably use it still. ("A topping wicket." . . . "A topping girl.") Poverty of imagination, coupled with the absence of any sex-life, compels cricketers to stick to a word like that practically all through their existence. Not so the jolly stockbroker, brimful of verve and spirits and always ready for fun and nonsense.

Laugh, You

THE publicity boys have been debating at the Publicity Club the case of the Humorous Advertisement. Some think it detracts from the merit of the

Telephone Talks: No. 6

"What do you mean, 'sounds like talking through a blanket?'"

"Then the surgeon looked at me and said, 'Oh, what the Hell!' and sewed him up again"

thing advertised, others hold the contrary. In our opinion the only drawback to the humorous advertisement is that it isn't very funny unless it 's the work of Hassall, Fougasse, Bert Thomas, Aubrey Hammond, Heath Robinson, and about three more (and those gay-coloured Fortnum and Mason catalogues by Stuart Menzies used to be admirable, also). Anyway, almost anything 's better than the big, grinning poster-face on which 90 per cent. of advertisers rely. We argued this question once with an eminent publicity mogul. He said the grin reacted favourably on the purchasing public. We said that might be so if only a *few* advertisers used the grin, but since nearly all of 'em do, somebody might get a much bigger reaction by coming out with, say, a family of no particular beauty welcoming a tin of Pongo Paste into the home with absolutely no expression whatsoever, or even slightly scowling. We said "Extravagant expressions of delight over Pongo are childishly bad psychology! Nobody in real life would give a damn one way or the other. It 's no worse and no better than any other of the 189 kinds of tinned paste. Think of the delighted surprise with which the public would see itself reproduced on a poster for once in all its native dumbness! There 'd be a rush to buy the stuff." He couldn't see this. Moreover, he accused us of fantasy. He said his chief poster-man, who produced all the ideas, knew more about psychology than we did. We said, "Why should he?" and the mogul said, "Why, he gets £2000 a year for it!" This appeared to answer everything and the meeting broke up.

Whoops Sister

A CURIOUS incident in the Rue Scribe, Paris (France), during the recent strike unrest has been puzzling the *Evening Standard* diarist. A lorry-load of police were standing easy on the corner when a car flying the Stars and Stripes and the Tricolor drew up, and an elderly woman descended with an armful of bottles of champagne. She threw these to the policemen, shouting, "To the immortal memory of Lafayette!" got into the car again, and was driven away, leaving all present dumbfounded.

The explanation seems to us pretty simple. The lady was just one of the jolly Whoops Sisters of America who live in Paris. We 've met lots of them, all elderly. Their favourite stamping-ground is (or used to be) the Ritz Bar. Sooner or later something sets them off and they start things. It may be adopting lonely horses or it may be shouting about Lafayette—not the well-known store but the eighteenth-century French general of that name—or it may be creating merry hell in Montmartre. After a time the Whoops Sister concerned either falls down or is carried out, and the party is then able to carry on in peace. There 's no harm in the girls, but they 're liable to become restless towards evening. As they have plenty of money and scatter it freely, the French put up with any amount of their fun and nonsense, though we 've heard them described by head-waiters behind their backs in rich and variegated terms derived from the sea, the farmyard, and the racecourse.

As to Lafayette, who sends the Whoops Sisters into such a whirl, he was a rather second-rate prig with excessive ambition who when young took part in the American Revolution against the English (and the Hessians). Mr. Belloc sums him up justly by saying that never upon a single occasion did he ever do the right thing. After the fall of the French Monarchy he tried to lead a rebellion against the new Government, but nobody cared. Mirabeau in desperate financial straits once asked Lafayette to lend him £2000 and Lafayette, who was extremely wealthy, lent him £1000; which about fixes his character. Whoops, anyway.

Hot Feet Corner

THE London University Council for Psychical Investigation's recent fire-walking experiments in a Surrey garden don't seem to have proved very much

"Not the deerstalker to-day, *m' lord"*

to the grave and learned group of professors and other rubber-necks who watched them. On the second day, indeed, Ahmed Hussain, the professional fire-walker, got blisters on his feet, which wasn't terribly good. He explained it by the fact that he was "upset" by all the heat-measuring and broadcasting apparatus surrounding him. Three British amateurs also walked along the 20-foot fire-trench at 740° Cent. after him, and the preparatory bustle of this apparently upset him as well. They took a quicker pace than he did, and got about equally blistered. One of them was described as a "young business man." God knows what good it 's done any of them, except that they can now boast to women at parties of the toughness of their feet—a topic most women will pretty soon get bored with, we imagine.

The whole thing seems to us utterly pointless, except as a party trick. Will it help that young business man to make more money, for example? We doubt it. It isn't tough feet you need in the City, as everybody knows. Nor can we imagine any but the most chicken-brained of debutantes being swept off her feet by the hero of such a feat; and if anyone of the three amateurs concerned imagines himself holding dinner-tables spell-bound all through the Season, he 's undoubtedly deceiving himself. "Oh, did you?" or "Oh, can you?" is about all the reaction he 'll get, and the subject will then drop. He may insist on removing shoes and socks on the spot and flourishing his feet, but he won't get asked to the house again, that 's certain.

The L.U.C.P.I. is to publish a report on the experiments shortly, and we hope there 'll be some sort of appendix revealing what good, if any, fire-walking will be to any eager youth who feels like taking it up as a profession on coming down from the University. Apart from getting him asked out once (just once), has it *any* social advantages? Do wealthy Mayfair mothers like having fire-walkers in the family? Wouldn't balancing eggs on billiard-cues get the aspirant further, socially speaking? We 'd like to know.

Whitehall Muse

It was a superb, or at any rate, an interesting idea to include a book section in this year's Civil Service Arts Exhibition, which opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum the other day. The section represents the work of fifty of the Civil Service boys from Burns and Lamb down to James ("Nymph Errant") Laver, and Humbert Wolfe, their president, put up a pretty deft defence for their numbers when he said there is "more spiritual leisure and less immediate worry" in the Service than in other professions.

That is so, and in our opinion it 's just this damnable complacency which has ruined their style, 95 per cent. of them. The Civil Service will never produce a Swift, a Donne, or a Baudelaire till some big spiritual (or even physical) agony, pain, terror, misery, or blasting passion breaks loose among those boys—between 10 and 4 or otherwise—and drives them like leaves before a simoom, until, quivering and shaken, they grab the nearest sheaf of official paper and dash down words of pain and glory written in their very heart's-blood. Then we might get shrill cries of pure anguish and disillusion out of them like the *Voyage à Cythère*, instead of those genteel mumblings and enquiries, as of one asking after a mislaid umbrella.

It 's all rot to say the boys lack the time and paper to get first ecstasies into shape for the press. They 've got reams and wads and stacks of thick cream-laid paper at hand, all supplied by the taxpayer; also lashings of pens, ink, blotting-paper, gum, string, paste, paper-fasteners, sealing-wax, rulers, everything authors can need, all milked from the same docile, dumb, and inexhaustible animal. It may be true, as Mr. Wolfe says, that the amount of unpaid overtime Civil Servants put in nowadays is considerable, but when they 've finished that, what lies before them from dinner-time to bedtime? Nothing. *Le néant.* No drinking, fighting, love-making or song awaits them. At best, some timid rendezvous with a woman of totally uninteresting features and personality. Therefore, they have the whole night to write in, and (were they touched by the divine frenzy) might turn out flaming masterpieces like billy-ho at no cost whatsoever to themselves. And do they?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Then why didn't you say house-*hunting?"*

Films of the Day

For Fans and For Adults: By George Campbell

THERE is one star to whom time is more pitiless than to the beauty. That is the infant prodigy. The beauty may reign five years, or even ten, like Garbo. The infant prodigy, depending on cuteness and chubby charm, may last half as long. I confess that before seeing *Stowaway* I had begun to list Shirley Temple amongst the has-beens—too old, poor child, at eight.

Stowaway is no film for highbrows, but the average fan, who keeps the whole fantastic business going and is entitled to our best respect, will find it agreeable light entertainment. For once the producers have managed to get away from a back-stage setting, though sure enough a chance is found for Shirley to sing two or three songs and give a clever imitation of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers—yes, both at the same time.

The story begins in China, with Shirley dodging bandits and reeling off pseudo-Oriental wisecracks in the manner of Charlie Chan. Enter a millionaire playboy (Robert Young), a museum piece according to his girl friend, the last of the easy spenders. The girl is that engaging platinum blonde, Alice Faye. The rest is formula stuff—lovable-orphan-in-search-of-a-home—but formula so neatly compounded, so expertly served up, that only the very hard-boiled will refuse to swallow it. I enjoyed it all, and nothing more than the moment when Shirley, prompted by a benevolent Reno judge to oppose her foster parents' divorce, dries up at the word "matrimony." Agonisedly she looks at the judge. He prompts her once: "Matrimony."

"Huh?" She doesn't quite catch it.

"*Matrimony!*" repeats the judge in a hissing aside. The child smiles with enormous relief and rushes on: "Oh, yes, nothing inconsistent with a state of macaroni!"

THOSE who prefer adult stuff—and thank heaven there are a few of you still about—should make a point of seeing *Pépé le Moko*, Julien Duvivier's successor to *La Bandera*. The setting is the Arab underworld of Algiers—the old fortress city of the Kasbah, high above the cruising liners in the harbour and the luxury hotels whence come slumming parties of shrill Main Street spinsters in search of a thrill, and English beauties of both sexes crying, "Hounds, please!" as they charge masterfully down the alleys.

Pépé le Moko is a gangster, secure, and moderately content to stay with his woman in the Kasbah. But one day there comes a tourist—a beautiful Parisienne, mistress to a champagne king. She and Pépé fall in love at first sight, and the affaire is helped along by a native inspector for reasons of his own. Tolerated by the criminals because he is despised, and sometimes useful to them, the inspector smiles and waits, with the terrifying patience of the East.

Pépé's infatuation gives him his opportunity. With the aid of an informer he contrives to have Pépé's young follower arrested, in the hope that this will tempt the chief to venture down into the European town; and when the prisoner escapes and shoots down the informer—a scene unsurpassed in the history of the screen for suspense and sheer horror—the inspector uses the Parisienne as a pawn. Pépé walks into the trap, and the story ends—but I have already told too much. You must see *Pépé le Moko* for yourself and enjoy one of the finest thrillers of the year. M. Duvivier here proves himself one of the half dozen best directors in the world. I can think of nobody, not even Fritz Lang, who could have infused more passion and excitement into what might easily have become a rather tawdry melodrama.

"LLOYD'S OF LONDON" has a grand subject and a grand cast, and should have been a grand picture. Something went wrong somewhere, and the net result is just another movie with good points. The story is rather Hollywooden, as it creaks from decade to decade; the romance is as synthetic as the boyish pact between Horatio Nelson (Douglas Scott) and the hero, Jonathan Blake (Freddie Bartholomew). On the credit side must be reckoned three or four extremely fine performances. Tyrone Power is remarkable. So far as I know, this young Broadway actor had never acted before the camera, yet here he is, the complete technician, master of every trick and nuance, and at the same time so natural and so sincere that you notice none of them. He is good-looking and wears clothes well, he has charm and a fine speaking voice. I shall wait for his next picture with the liveliest curiosity.

Madeleine Carroll gives one of her ornamental, strictly two-dimensional performances as a young society woman; Virginia Field makes something of a hit as a waitress; C. Aubrey Smith plays the reprobate "Old Q." with distinction and gusty humour; and George Sanders (another newcomer from the stage) is excellent as a polished villain. But, Tyrone Power apart, the chief honours go to Sir Guy Standing for his study of J. J. Angerstein, the famous underwriter, connoisseur and friend of all the celebrities of his day. It is melancholy, watching this sound and modest actor, to remember that never again will he grace the screen with the typical English qualities of dignity, easy charm, and quiet humour.

Mireille Balin as Gaby, Lucas Gridoux as Slimane

Line Noro and Jean Gabin in "Pépé le Moko"

This is a good French film directed by Julien Duvivier, and to the discerning that is recommendation enough. Jean Gabin in the name part, is the central figure, bandit king of the thugs refuging in Algiers' native quarter; Line Noro is his regular local girl friend, ousted by the fascinating Parisienne, Mireille Balin, who plays him into the hands of Lucas Gridoux' masterly native agent (now read on). Duvivier's easy, powerful direction has distilled from this story a pungently thrilling atmosphere which can be tasted at the Curzon Cinema

Portrait of Mrs. Wallis Simpson

This portrait of Mrs. Simpson was painted by Mrs. Reginald Andersen, who works under the name of M. Baynon Copeland and was a pupil of the late J. J. Shannon. She is a well-known member of the American colony in London, and is a personal friend of Mrs. Wallis Simpson; this picture was painted last year. Mrs. Andersen has an exhibition of her paintings at the Ackermann Galleries in New Bond Street at present (April 14th to 30th). This portrait and another of Mrs. Simpson will not, however, be shown

Mr. Neville Chamberlain

Yesterday he introduced his sixth and probably his last Budget, considerately choosing a Tuesday as a last gesture from the Treasury. He will not be creating a precedent in seeing the Finance Bill (the official style of the Budget) through all its stages after succeeding to the Premiership. Mr. Baldwin did the same when he became P.M. in May fourteen years ago and in 1908 Asquith actually introduced a Budget. Mr. Chamberlain, now the only representative of the famous Birmingham family in Parliament, has often been contrasted as a realist with his idealist half-brother, the late Sir Austen Chamberlain; his recreations are of the contemplative kind necessary to a realist—he is a keen fisherman and gardener. Taking the first office in the land at the age of sixty-eight, he is the oldest man to become Premier for eighty years

Howard Coster, London

Robert Flaherty—Traveller, Film Director, Gossip, F.R.G.S.

He started as a traveller and explorer when he had left Upper Canada College, Toronto, by leading four expeditions into subarctic Eastern Canada; after that he explored and mapped the Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay, and barren lands in Northern Ungava, making two sea-to-sea crossings of the peninsula. In 1916 he started film work, and produced *Nanook of the North* (Eskimos), *Moana* (Samoan Islands), *Sabu* (Tahiti), and an experimental film of New York City. His flair for handling primitive peoples and natural actors was first recognised when *Man of Arran* took the film world by storm, and this secured his contract with Korda to co-direct (with Zoltan Korda) *Elephant Boy*, the film of Kipling's *Toomai*, now at the Leicester Square. He takes endless trouble over every shot, and in this case spent months of search before he found Sabu, the thirteen-year-old lead. Altogether, the company was in India for more than a year. In appearance, Flaherty is like a major prophet, large, weather-beaten, kindly. He is something of a highbrow in his tastes, lives in Chelsea with his wife (who takes his stills on location), and three daughters, has a brother David who is his "personal stooge," gives as his recreations fiddle-playing, planning future expeditions, and gossip. At the moment he has hopes of going to Greenland—"I haven't been to a cold country for some time and would like to see one again"

Hand - Sown

Nine Bland Pi

Photographs
by
John Everard

lets

Lamb Dressed as Lamb

George and Margaret

The Good Earth—

Of England in the Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and the may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

Thomas Nash (1567—1601)

Elizabeth Miller in "Coppelia"

A Young Vic-Wells Dancer Takes a Ballerina Rôle

Elizabeth Miller danced in *Coppelia* for the first time three weeks ago—another landmark in the progress of this young dancer and the company to which she belongs. It is the first full-length classical part she has taken, and she is the first Wells-trained dancer to take it. She clearly justified her choice for the rôle hitherto danced at the Wells by Ninette de Valois. She gives a delightful performance, especially in the second Act to which she brings a charming gaiety and deft lightness of touch. Lightness is the particular quality of Elizabeth Miller's dancing, notably in the *Blue Bird* pas de deux and as Columbine in *Carnaval.* Other Wells rôles she takes are in *Sylphides, The Rake's Progress* and *The Gods Go a-Begging*

Photographs by Anthony

Fashions Rhythm

We show here five beautiful examples of the shoe-maker's artistry from the new collection of models just arrived from New York and Hollywood. We believe you will endorse our judgment, especially when you have seen the full range at our Oxford Street and Brompton Road Stores They come in the new blues—rich browns—and all-whites, and the new patent trimmed American Gabardine in blue, black and brown.

35/-

35/-

65/9

All Dolcis American models are obtainable in graduated fittings AAA to C.

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Dolcis designers never ceasing in their pursuit of new ideas have again excelled themselves—they bring to you in advance the pick of the world's shoe fashions—shown to you not only at our Super Shoe Stores at Oxford Street and Brompton Road, but at all Dolcis Stores throughout the United Kingdom.

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There are car-parking facilities adjoining

We have just issued a brochure of Dolcis American and Continental Spring Fashions, and will be pleased to send you a copy on request.

Cannons of Hollywood

The Duchess of Westminster — a New Portrait

It is seven years this year since Miss Loelia Ponsonby married the Duke of Westminster as his third wife. She is the only daughter of the late Lord Sysonby, then Sir Frederick Ponsonby, who was Assistant Private Secretary and Assistant Keeper of the Privy Purse to Queen Victoria and Edward VII., and Treasurer and Keeper of the Privy Purse to George V. Her brother, the present peer, who succeeded in 1935, married American Mrs. Sally Monkland last year. The Duchess of Westminster, when she is in London, lives in the only private house in Little College Street, but she spends a good deal of time in the country, is keenly interested in gardening. She is one of London's best-dressed women — in any restaurant or at any party, her clothes are always "good copy," and so are her beautiful jewels

"Bystander" Short Story No. 85

The Letter

By Robert Livingstone

"You writing, me sitting and talking"

"No, darling, we needn't start for three-quarters of an hour. If you want to write a letter, darling, you sit there, and here 's paper and envelopes. I 'll darn these old socks of yours so that you can have a complete set to wear when you get back to London.

"That comfortable? Blotting-paper? Yes, here 's a bit. Isn't it funny how one scribbles on blotting paper? This piece has been in my writing-pad for ages now. Look! You can just see in the corner there the address of my godfather. He died last October, you know. I wish he had been alive to meet you. He loved books and writers, always said he hoped I 'd marry a bookworm; then I might be forced to do some reading. He quarrelled with Mummy, you know, just before he died; otherwise I should probably have been left a lot of money by him. He changed his will at the last moment. He 'd promised me his books anyway. But then he left everything to his valet and his horrid old nurse. She 's in Australia now, and someone told us she was 'in Society' in Sydney. He left her about a quarter of a million. We nearly went to law about it, but the silly old lawyers said there was no doubt he had made his last will in a sound mind and without coercion.

"Everything all right? I do like to sit and talk to you like this. You writing, me sitting and talking. Darling, *who* mends your socks when you 're in London? Nobody? Your landlady? I 'll have a word to say to her the next time I meet her.

"Darling, did you enjoy the party last night? I was a little worried halfway through that I ought to have introduced you to more people. But you 're so shy, and I knew that Mr. Waller would interest you, and you looked so firmly fixed in the corner with him. I thought it would be a pity to disturb you. You must have been with him for two hours, though he seemed to be doing most of the talking. What was he talking about? Telling you some extraordinary dreams he 'd had? I bet he was interesting.

"Darling, what a long letter that is you 're writing! You know, I do miss your letters when you 're here. Stupid, I can't expect to eat my cake at both ends, can I? Is that a business letter? No? I hope it 's not to a girl! If it 's to Jack in Africa, I expect you 're telling him about last night's party. Or do you just swap stories? You write stories much better than you tell them, darling. You do get so muddled and shy when you begin a long one.

"Darling, did you see that man Harry Bostock dancing with me last night? He *can* dance. When the storm began and the other people went on to the porch to watch the lightning, someone turned out the lights in the dining-room where we were dancing. But we just went on and on dancing. He said I danced divinely. Darling, you never say that about my dancing. You don't dance with me or ask me to dance at parties as much as you did before we were engaged. Why is that, darling? Don't you like dancing with me? You really ought to take those dancing lessons I found out about for you in Albemarle Street. Why don't you? Then we could dance together, and people would say, 'What a grand couple!'

"Did you notice what nice hands Harry Bostock had? I told him so, just to see if he was vain about flattery like other men, and, do you know, darling, he stopped dancing, swept me a bow, kissed my hand and said, 'Handsome is as handsome does!' I was awfully glad it was dark and there was nobody in the room to see us. It must have looked so funny. But it *was* a clever remark, wasn't it, darling? Perhaps you could use it in one of your stories. I 'm sure Harry wouldn't mind, if you asked him. There, fancy me calling him Harry like this, and I 've only met him once. But shall we ask him if we can use his remark? If you like, I will, when I see him at the Sheridans' on Thursday. He said he 'd be there.

"And Harry Bostock has asked me to go out dancing with him if he and I are in London together any time, and you 're busy and can't take me out. He 'll take me somewhere where there 's more room to go through his paces, he says. He says he 's going to protect me here when you 're gone, a poor little lonely girl with no fiancé for a hundred miles. You won't mind, will you, darling? You said you thought you 'd never be really jealous of me or angry with me for being friendly with other men so long as they were intelligent and the 'flirtation,' as you call it, wasn't childish. Harry *is* intelligent. I mean, that was a clever remark of his, wasn't it? 'Handsome is as handsome does.'

"Darling, you *are* writing a lot, aren't you? Lucky Jack, if it 's for him. Lucky me, to get your letters again when you 've gone. There, I 've nearly finished darning the third pair of your socks.

"Darling, there 's just one thing I meant to talk to you about before you go. I don't want to go back to that foolish conversation we had the other night. It 's funny, though, isn't it, that three times now we have been depressed or something and thought there was something wrong with our engagement. You don't think that any longer, do you? Somehow, once we have had these long talks, everything is so much clearer. D' you remember the first time? A fortnight after we announced our

(*Concluded on page* 114)

The Letter *(Continued from page 113)*

engagement? Only a fortnight! And you said you 'd had an uncomfortable sort of 'tight' feeling in your tummy ever since the announcement. You said you thought we 'd made a mistake, and ought to break it off as soon as possible. How you couldn't get on with your work, because you didn't know what was wrong.

"That *was* silly of you, wasn't it? And I thought everything had gone smash for me, and I didn't know what I should be able to say to Mary and Edith and the rest of my friends. They were sure to ask why we had broken it off, and *you* didn't know, so how should *I* know? And then you said you were awfully sorry about everything, and you really loved me just as much as ever. Then I knew it was all right, and it was just your nerves. I wouldn't let you break it off just because of that. And next day we didn't talk about it at all, and by the end of three days we were both the same as ever, engaged and happy.

"And then the next time, when you said you were scared again, scared that I would never be able to get into your thoughts; you were afraid we talked different languages. It was all right for us to be terribly good friends, but it would be so dangerous to marry. And you said you couldn't dance . . . it was after a party at the Hayters, d' you remember? . . . and I couldn't play tennis. Darling, I was so angry with you just for a minute. D' you remember I cried, and you said you were sorry and you loved me. And I said I would teach you to dance, and you would teach me to play tennis, and I 'd get some of those lovely little silk shorts that Judy wears.

"Darling, it never was that we didn't love each other. Simply that our minds didn't agree about little things. But only the little, unimportant things, darling. If you love me, everything will be all right. You do see that, don't you, darling?

"You 're sure you 're not worried any more? Not like last Thursday? I 'll break the engagement any day you like, darling, and let Mary and my friends draw any conclusions they like. But I know that if you love me and I love you, everything will be all right in the end. You see, darling, we only have to talk about things openly, and everything clears itself up. And, darling, I want now, and when we 're married, I want you to feel that you can always come to me with your worries, and we 'll talk them over quietly by the fire. I know you 're nervy, but you have only to come to me. Darling, I do think a wife should be useful like that just as much as being useful about the house. Don't you agree, darling? And when you 're away, and I 'm here all alone. . . . Oh, yes, Harry Bostock . . . but he 's only going to look after me in an 'uncle' sort of way, he says . . . when I 'm all alone, I want to feel that you 're not worried a teeny, weeny bit any more. If you are, you must come right down here by a fast train, and tell me all about it.

"Finished your letter, darling? There 's an envelope. Five pages! Will you ever get it all in to one envelope? Better not send *that* Air Mail to Jack, or it 'll come expensive. Aren't you going to address it? Who 's it for?

"And here are your socks. I 'll put them on the top of your bag, and we ought to be getting down to the station soon. I expect the car 's round already. Yes, and there's Parker. You 've got everything packed, haven't you, darling? Because they 're putting your bags into the car. And now you must go and say good-bye, and 'thank-you' nicely to Mummy and Aunt Bessie. They 're in the drawing-room. Then we 'll go off to the station. You 've said good-bye to them already? Oh, yes, they 've taken the Austin into the village, haven't they? How silly of me to forget. Well, let 's go. It 's only six minutes to the station, and the train doesn't go for ten. Want a rug? Yes, you 'd better, so 's to keep warm. You 've got your keys, darling? and money, darling? And pipe, darling? And tobacco, darling? Be a good boy while you 're away, and I 'll write and tell you everything that happens here. Never mind about writing me long letters if you 're busy, darling. I know you will be. But that 's no reason *I* shouldn't write *you* long letters, is it, darling?

"Well, here we are, and the train 's in already. D' you want any magazines, because if so you 'd better give me the money to buy them while you 're getting yourself a corner seat. There you are, then. Good-bye, darling, and I 'll look forward to seeing you again soon. I 'll be popping up to town often, I hope. Don't worry about me while you 're away. I 'll try and have a good time and still not forget my husband-to-be.

"Oh, darling, that *letter*! Don't you want a stamp for it? It 's in your pocket, I saw you put it there. Quick, address it, or tell me where to send it for you, and I 'll stamp it. Oh, darling, the train 's going! You 'll have to post it at the first stop. All right, darling, I 'll take it. Who is it to go to? It 's got no address! Then who 's it for? For *me*? But . . . darling . . . oh . . . good-bye, darling . . . give me a kiss . . . fancy . . . writing . . . to . . . me . . . . before . . . you 've gone! Good-bye!"

THE END

"We just went on dancing and dancing"

"It's got no address"

Sketches by Hirschova

The Club Man

(1) White's *(Continued)*

The Earl of Dudley, *Lord High Steward of Kidderminster, lives at Himley Hall, but the Wards are of Norfolk origin. A big man in the iron and steel industry, he is interested in many social questions as well as in yachting and racing. He is called Eric and his heir is at Eton*

Sir Reginald ("Rex") Leeds, *sixth baronet, was a sailor. Now industriously on the Stock Exchange and a family man with a schoolboy son and a daughter Rhodanthe who'll be a 1947 deb. His house in Cadogan Gate has a private swimming pool. He became the late Paris Singer's son-in-law in 1926*

The Earl of Portarlington *is busy and sociable, with a Hensonian taste in dress and a voluble gift for overcoming car-sales resistance. "Lionel said" means either Lord Portarlington or Lord Tennyson. His only child, Lord Carlow, married this year. His only ties—I.Z., and Brigade*

Sir Hugh Seely, *third baronet, was at Eton and in the Grenadiers and then the South Notts. Hussars. Most bachelors are popular, but he is particularly so. A conscientious member of the community and for the Berwick-on-Tweed Division of Northumberland, he has a nice, rather diffident manner, two much-seen-about brothers and two sisters, the elder Lady Allendale. Favourite holiday—ski-ing*

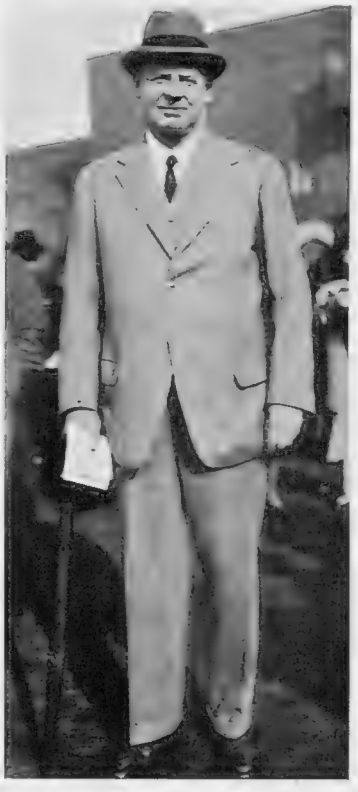
The Marquess of Sligo

The Marquess of Sligo *is an Irishman like Lord Castlerosse whose patronymic —Browne—he shares. The seventh Marquess is what used to be called a "great catch"—thirty-nine and unmarried. Very cheerful and rotund, his friends call him "Lump." When Lord Clanricarde died in 1916, leaving his money to Lord Lascelles (now Lord Harewood) his marquessate of 1825 became extinct, but his earldom of 1800 passed to the Sligos*

Colonel Hans Bon, *of the Swiss Hotel chain and formerly of the Alpine Cavalry, is an Old Harrovian, as bluff, rugged and rosy as his native Engadine. He enjoys hard work, riding and yodelling at all-night parties—in that order. All equestrians visiting St. Moritz ask for "Hans" whose own sleigh, with its matched team of horses, is a show piece*

Viscount Castlerosse *needs no caption for he is caviare to the general. His wit is syndicated, his cigars continuous. Half-Irish, the sentiment of his race has marked his career. Now a Director of the "Daily Express," "Sunday Express" and "Evening Standard," he fought the Germans when an Ensign in the Irish Guards, and has had a few feuds since*

Mr. Ian Menzies, *who was in the Coldstream, is a pretty regular Le Touquet commuter with his checked tweed jacket. Ornamental but not over talkative. During the most agitated air crossings he always orders and eats four courses. The post-war pleasure seekers saw more of him than do the restaurant-ites of to-day. The z is absent as in Dalziel*



Commander Claude Philip ("Phil") de Crespigny *has one racehorse and one brother, Sir Claude, fifth baronet. Fifty-seven this year, he retains the bright and breezy, free and easy joviality of the Royal Navy. Monte Carlo could hardly open in winter or Deauville in August without him. The de Crespignys belonged to the "petite noblesse" of Normandy before they settled in England in 1620*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Little Doctor: By Alan Thomas

In *We Are Not Alone* (Macmillan; 6*s*.), Mr. James Hilton presents the modest little doctor who lives in a small cathedral town, is devoted to his work, bears his troubles patiently, and neither knows nor cares which side his bread is buttered on. The story of how he was summoned to attend a little German ballet dancer, how he brought her to his own house, how on the eve of the Great War when he was trying to help her out of the country he and she were both arrested on a charge of murdering his wife, and how finally he was hanged—this story is told with all the charm, understanding, and intimacy of descriptive detail which, as readers of *Mr. Chips* will remember, Mr. Hilton can so well command. The doctor's case is that of the innocent man caught up in the fell clutch of circumstance; he is one of the goodly company of those who carry love in their hearts, who suffer because of the stupidity and madness of the world, and whose consolation is that they "are not alone."

The little doctor does not raise a lump in the throat as Mr. Chips occasionally did; and there are one or two places (*e.g.*, in the second draft of the letter on page 145) where the naïveté is a little overdrawn. I think, too, that Mr. Hilton should have gone further in explaining the precise grounds for the doctor's conviction. But these weaknesses of construction do not mar the quite lovely study of the *Kleine Doktor*—a character who will remain in the memory long after the inadequacies of the plot have been forgotten.

"Beckford" (Jonathan Cape; 15*s*.), by Mr. Guy Chapman, is a full-length portrait of one of the most exotic figures which ever graced (or disgraced) the eighteenth century world of art and letters. William Beckford had behind him "the blood of the Hamiltons, the wealth of the Beckfords, and a connection in half the capitals of Europe." What did he make of his fortune and position? If his parents had had their way, he would have been a statesman. As it was, he turned out "something much rarer: an artist." His claims in this field rest chiefly on his outlandish, half-sublime Eastern fantasia, entitled "Vathec," of which it has been written that "European literature has no Oriental fiction which impresses the imagination so powerfully and permanently." But Beckford's extravagances extended beyond literature. Almost in spite of the evidence which he himself adduces, Mr. Chapman seems to acquit Beckford of the scandalous charge of sexual deviation with the son of the Courtenay household. Whatever the truth of the matter, Beckford was certainly a devotee of "anti-Christian practices and Oriental magic." Other extravagances were the erection of Fonthill Abbey in Wiltshire, which for all its vast size "contained but eighteen bedrooms, thirteen of which . . . were scarcely fit for their intended use," and the building on the crest of Lansdown Hill, Bath, of a tower 130 feet high and "crowned with a cast-iron model of the temple of Lysicrates." Of the Abbey only a small tower and a few rooms are still standing, and the Lansdown Tower has been transformed into an Anglican chapel. Moreover, "the name of Beckford is almost extinct and of his descendants none bear it." Yet the name is and will be remembered not only on account of "Vathec," but also for the fantastic aura which surrounded his existence. I think Mr. Chapman does himself something less than justice when he says of his book that "it is no more than a tentative essay." The ten years he has spent in writing it have resulted in a fascinating study of, on the whole, a rather undeserving subject. Even allowing for "Vathec" (which, after all, is hardly a best-seller), I feel that Mr. Chapman has done Beckford very proud.

"Let him rather black boots than follow the profession of an artist." Such was the advice which the portrait painter, John Opie, later Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, gave to a Norwich draper when the latter produced some of his son's sketches for the great man's inspection. The draper's name was Cotman and his son was to occupy a prominent, if not a central, place in the pageant of English art. In *The Life of John Sell Cotman* (Faber and Faber; 25*s*.), Mr. Sydney D. Kitson narrates the chequered story of this man of genius, whose efforts raised him above his natural surroundings yet whose temperament, liable at all times to alternating heights and depths, was continually baulking him. His best work was done in the earlier part of his career: his latter days were spent mainly in "turning out drawing copies for the immediate satisfaction and applause of small boys in a London day-school; an occupation which precluded him from producing an adequate amount of original work, such as he longed to do." Yet in spite of this drudgery, Cotman's work was, as Mr. Kitson says, "both in range and in volume, very great." Examples of that work are given in this splendidly-produced book which contains no fewer than 160 reproductions of water-colours, oil paintings, sepias, pencil-drawings, and etchings. It is a volume which will appeal primarily to connoisseurs; but the general reader also will find much here to interest and delight him.

Scenario Writer — Novelist

Mr. W. P. Lipscombe, the scenario-writer who was part author of "Clive of India," and Miss Florence Taub, the twenty-nine-year-old American novelist, were married at the Caxton Hall register office. They left immediately afterwards for the U.S., where Mr. Lipscombe has a new contract

What an entertaining writer Miss Rose Macaulay is! Her latest book, *I Would Be Private* (Collins; 7*s*. 6*d*.), is a study in the habit humans have of teratologising. The portent in this case is the birth of quins to the wife of P.C. McBrown. Their arrival is chronicled in Miss Macaulay's wittiest manner. In an effort to escape from the consequent publicity, the constable, who has now resigned from the Force because in his view the scales of British justice are weighted in favour of the rich and the great, takes himself and his family off to the islands of the Caribbean. Yet even here the quins and their parents are "followed about and run after," until the only solution is to give up the unequal fight, put the whole affair on a commercial basis and make what there is to be made out of it. This is a pleasant, easy-flowing tale, told—after the Pauline exhortation—"always with grace, seasoned with salt."

"The Primrose Path" (The Bodley Head; 6*s*.), by that American rhymster, Ogden Nash, is a book of verses—mostly nonsense verses but for all that containing much good sense, and very amusing. The illustrations, which are by Soglow (of "Little King" fame), are a little disappointing.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Fashions for the Coronation season, though simple in cut, are essentially luxurious and dignified in character. This is particularly noticeable in the rich materials and elaborate hand-embroideries which are shown for evening wear. An air of regal splendour distinguishes the dress on the right in two shades of blue crêpe "Amorosa." The dress is almost classic in its simplicity and flows in smooth, unbroken lines, ending in a short train. It is carried out in a pale powder blue, while the cape is in a darker shade. This can be worn either flowing or draped closely to the figure, and is extraordinarily graceful either way. A link belt, halo and bracelet, incorporating the two colours, relieve the simplicity of this lovely frock which is one of Jay's (Regent Street) original models from their first-floor salons

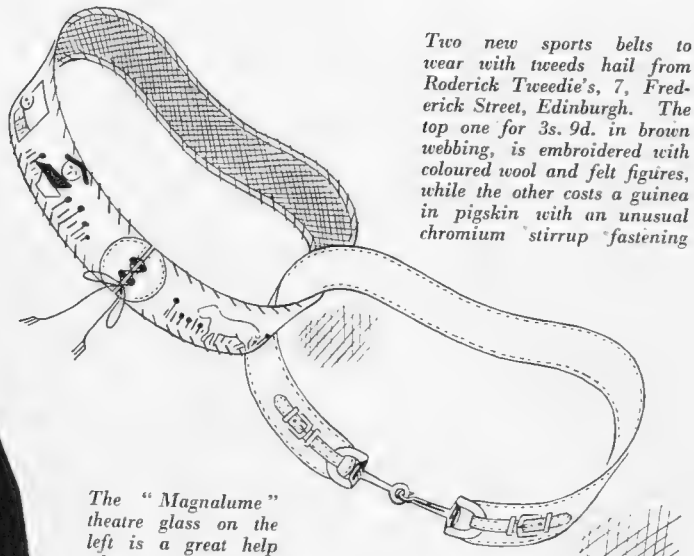
Alexander

Isn't It A Lovely Day?

It is generally agreed that spring, with the whole summer to look forward to, is the best season of the year, though it is true that April showers often spoil a lovely day. Even so, the air has lost its harshness and one can sit in the verandah and enjoy the cool breezes. The question of suitable furniture is important, as it is no use trying to "make do" with heavily upholstered fireside chairs which are merely clumsy. Something light, strong, and comfortable is needed, like the suite above. This woven fibre furniture bears the name of Lloyd Loom, and is manufactured by a unique and exclusive process. The fibre is woven into fabric and every article built on a seasoned hardwood frame with steel wire hearts to strengthen the upright strands. It does not split, splinter or creak, and there are no rough ends to catch in silk stockings. Lloyd Loom furniture is available for all purposes in a variety of gay colours, and is sold by all the leading stores. The settee above is very restful with its rounded corners, while the occupant is wearing a charming summer frock in matt crêpe with a plain skirt and pastel striped jumper. It comes from the Individual Gowns department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and costs 8½ guineas. On the opposite side of the round tea-table with a glass top is a very comfortable arm-chair with a single sprung seat upholstered in printed fabric. It completes this group of Lloyd Loom furniture which is made by Lusty and Sons, Bromley-By-Bow, E.3, who in case of difficulty will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent

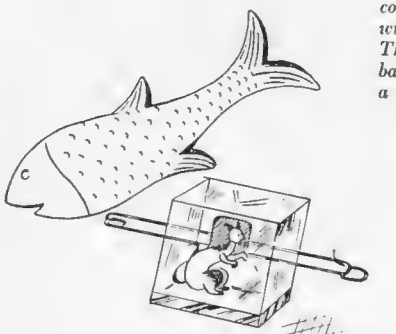
The Bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES

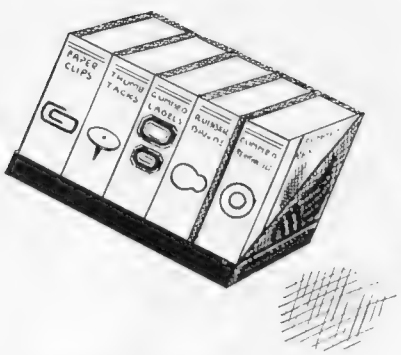
discovered by peta pictured by pain



Two new sports belts to wear with tweeds hail from Roderick Tweedie's, 7, Frederick Street, Edinburgh. The top one for 3s. 9d. in brown webbing, is embroidered with coloured wool and felt figures, while the other costs a guinea in pigskin with an unusual chromium stirrup fastening

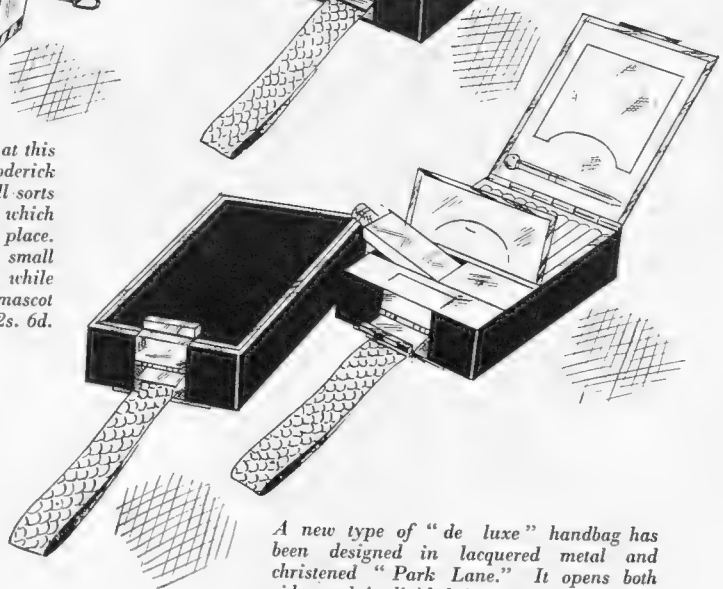
The "Magnalume" theatre glass on the left is a great help when trying to read a programme in the dark, as it combines a magnifying glass with a torch. It comes from Owen Hopkins, 69a, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and costs 30s. complete with a spare battery. The handle folds back and it fits into a neat morocco case





Scarves are very smart at this time of year, and Roderick Tweedie are showing all sorts of attractive brooches which help to keep them in place. Caged in pristal is a small squirrel for 6s. 6d., while above it is an angler's mascot in polished wood for 12s. 6d.

This compact little book-case containing five volumes filled with paper clips, drawing pins, rubber bands, etc., is a practical addition to a writing desk. It only costs ninepence and may be seen at Mansford's, 4, Grosvenor Street



A new type of "de luxe" handbag has been designed in lacquered metal and christened "Park Lane." It opens both sides and is divided into two sections, one for beauty aids and the other for cigarettes, loose change and visiting cards. When closed it appears quite small, while the price is three guineas at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly

Coronation Debutantes

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Anne Vanneck

Anne Margaret Theodosia Vanneck is Lord and Lady Huntingfield's younger daughter: her father has been Governor of Victoria since 1934, when he was also made K.C.M.G.; her mother, who is American by birth, is amongst the most distinguished Coronation visitors from the Empire and will herself present Anne Vanneck

Fayer of Vienna

Lady Kathleen Cole

Is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen by his first marriage; she has a brother (Viscount Cole) at Eton and two sisters; the eldest, Lady Ann James, married Mr. John Hastings James in 1935. Lord Enniskillen lives near the town in Co. Armanagh from which he takes his Irish title

Lenare

Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky

Tatiana Wiasemsky is Prince and Princess Serge Wiasemsky's eighteen-year-old daughter and a granddaughter of Mr. Gordon Selfridge. She is a brilliant linguist, speaks seven languages, and is a useful tennis player. Her parents live at Brook House, Park Lane

Tunbridge

Miss Jean Loder

Left: Jean Mary Loder came back for the season from Florence before Easter; her mother, Mrs. Hubert Loder, is taking a town house for the season. Mr. Hubert Loder, one of the big clan headed by Sir Giles Loder, lives at Ladbroke Hall, Rugby

Catherine Bell

Miss Celia Dorothy Coke

Is the younger daughter of Major the Hon. John Spencer Coke, late Scots Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Spencer Coke. Her father is Lord Leicester's half-brother, her mother is the only surviving daughter of the first Viscount Burnham, and they live in Green Street, Park Lane

F. J. Gutmann (Candid Ltd.)

The Countess of Antrim—Sculptor

Lady Antrim is giving an exhibition at the Beaux Arts Galleries next week (from April 26th to May 4th) of her work as sculptor and cartoonist; the sculpture includes a series named "The Seven Deadly Sins." Lady Antrim was Angela Sykes before her marriage in 1934; she is the youngest sister of Sir Richard Sykes, of Sledmere, Yorkshire. Most of her family are interested either in the arts or horses or both—Sir Richard Sykes owns the famous Sledmere stud and is devoted to music, Christopher Sykes collaborated with her in several of the cartoons she is exhibiting, and both the brothers and the three sisters have a marked talent for acting. Lord and Lady Antrim have one son, just over a year old. Lord Antrim's places are Glenarm Castle, Co. Antrim, and Dalness, Argyllshire, and they have a London house in Chester Terrace, Regent's Park. Lord Antrim was Clerk in the House of Lords for two years, and before that was Honorary Attaché to the Legation in Teheran for a year

Mrs. G. Thompson and Miss Mary Mulcaster (Crewe) met Miss F. Dyson and Miss M. Mitchell (Birkdale) in the first round and beat them, going on to beat Lady Katherine Cairns and Miss D. R. Fowler in the third

*Here a
Mrs. H
Palmer
Forest).
Bratby*

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (15th Year)

The First Three Days: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

PRESS day coming with the semi-finals and final still to play, I can only say at the moment that whether the holders, Miss Hartopp and Miss Newell, go on holding Northern Foursomes, or Mrs. Garon and Lady Alness inscribe on these cups names which have separately decorated all three of the other BYSTANDER Foursomes ones, or Mrs. Barbour and Miss Jessie Anderson crown a week of stroke-giving, or Mrs. Forbes Cooper and Mrs. Labron Johnson one mainly of receiving—whichever of these four redoubtable couples win, they will have earned it. The further they go, the more deadly are the best players. The holders played well enough on the Thursday morning, when they put out the steady and persistent Miss Mary Mulcaster 5 and 3, and better still in the afternoon against another ex-Girl who had been distinguishing herself, Miss Nancy Cook, with Mrs. Norman Jones. After all, Miss Hartopp and Miss Newell are reckoned one of the best pairs in the country at giving strokes, and they have the supreme foursomes virtue of producing a master shot after a bad one.

Lady Alness and Mrs. Garon did that in the morning against the reigning Girl champion, Peggy Edwards, and a most dependable partner, Mrs. Freeman, to whom the side owed a great deal. Peggy was perhaps too anxious to show at her best against Mrs. Garon; she practice-swung diligently—too diligently, if one considers the energy thus exhausted—and she was also inclined to over-swing, but the side never lost heart and did excellently to go to the seventeenth, having no more than two strokes to help them. In the afternoon Mrs. Garon's side had two very shaken opponents in Mrs. Hartley and Mrs. Clements: they had been 5 up on Lady Fell and Miss D. I. Clark with only six holes to go, but a succession of strokes and stymies took them to the twentieth, where poetic justice meted out a self-laid stymie to Lady
and gave a great match to Mrs. Clement's

Mrs. Labron Johnson and Mrs. Fo
Cooper, after giving one stroke and a 5 a
beating to Miss Kippax and Miss Gle
then put out a pair of long-hitting y
hopefuls who have just outgrown the
Championship—Miss Pam Shand and
Joan Hives. These had shared with
Nancy Cook and Mrs. Jones the mo
distinction of beating a seeded couple,
respective victims being Miss Mary J
son and Miss Lees and Miss Nan Baird
Miss Betty Henderson. But the Derby
pair started badly in amongst the sand
at the first, and could never do more
doggedly chase Mrs. Forbes Cooper and
Johnson, who received three strokes
won by 4 and 3.

Mrs. Barbour and Miss Jessie And
gave five shots to unrivalled local knowl
in Mrs. Glassford and Miss Greenwoo
the morning, winning by 5 and 3,
repeated the margin in the afternoon
level terms against the back-markers,
Elsie Corlett and Miss Jessie Firth. T
had been taken to the seventeenth by
Stobart and Mrs. Allsop before lunch.
were neither given, nor could they n
for themselves, chances after it: Miss Co
is in the middle of lessons, and in d
between her own style and the one sh
acquiring, all the shots were not quite u
the standard set by Miss Anderson's
golf, Mrs. Barbour and Miss Firth's st
ness; nor her own best specimens at
eleventh and thirteenth. The spoon
with which Miss Anderson finished the
less than a yard from the fifteenth for
match 5 and 3, was perfection.

I HAVE begun at the end, with telling
who remained for the last day's
and why. Even now we cannot imm
ourselves in the first day's thrills b
saying a few words about Birkdale i
There is something about that course,

the welc
which is
Foursom
wherever
tude to a
allow suc